

THE  
D O W N F A L L  
O F  
W R S T M I N S T E R - B R I D G E ;

O R,  
My LORD in the SUDS.

A N E W  
B A L L A D.

---

To the Tune of King *John*, and the Abbot of *Canterbury*.

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*In Flumine ruit.*

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THE  
DOWNTOWN  
OF  
WESTMINSTER BRIDGE  
OF  
RECORD in the SEEDS

D. A. S. I. B.







## The DOWNFALL of *WESTMINSTER BRIDGE*.

I sing not of Battles, nor do I much chuse  
With *too many* Vict'ries, to burden my *Muse* :  
I sing not of Actions that rise to Renown ;  
But I sing of a monstrous huge *Bridge* tumbling down,  
*Derry down, down, hey derry down.*

The Work of *nine* Summers, the Toil of *nine* Years,  
Supported by *Commons* as well as by *Peers* :  
And by *Piers*, I assure you, so firm and so good,  
That unlike to most others, they were not of Wood.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

They were fram'd, as to all it is very well known,  
Of large massy Blocks of good *Portland Stone* :  
For *Stone's* in such Vogue universal of late,  
That—his *Grace's* Support upholds K—g, Church, and State.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

But our *Constitution* how firm must it stand,  
When hard *Stone's*, the Upholder of all the Land ?  
Tho' e'en *Stone* itself, unto *Time* must give way,  
Or *Westminster-Bridge* had not fall'n to this Day.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

Come, *Muse*, sing the Cause, and set forth the Man,  
The *Great Architect* ! that projected the Plan ;  
Who first built a *Bridge*—O forbear now all Laughter!—  
And sought a *Foundation*—almost nine Years after.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

I've heard much talk of building great *Castles* in *Air*,  
Tho' in troth, I ne'er yet could perceive any there ;  
But his *Genius* and *Parts* must put all to a Stand,  
Who endeavour'd to build a *Bridge* on a *Quicksand*.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

Who founded huge *Piers* on a Bed of soft Clay,  
With a *Quicksand* beneath, that would surely give way :  
Tho' clumsy the Work, it surpriz'd all the Town ;  
But much more surpriz'd, when its *Weight* brought it down.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

Now it was in those Days, that were ne'er seen before,  
When most *Knaves* were grown *rich*, and most *honest Men* poor ;  
Then, whoe'er crost the *Thames*, must certainly ferry,  
Either in the Horse-boat, or else in a *Wherry*,

*Derry down, down, &c.*  
A



A long Time for the first they were oft forc'd to stay,  
The Passage was dang'rous—and for both they must pay :  
Thus these *Evils* affected all those that crost o'er,  
Both the *Peer* and his *Miss*,—and the Squire and his W—re.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

These *Griefs* to remove, now all Parties consult,  
And of their wise Councils this was the Result,  
' That a *Bridge* should be built, to pass o'er the Water,  
But how!—or by whom?—it was not much matter.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

The first they referr'd unto a Committee,  
Who brought it about, in spight of the City ;  
The latter they heeded not—so it were done,  
—Whether by a *Hod-Carrier*, or a B——n.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

O, B——n ! pardon the Use of your Name,  
On a Subject inferior by much to your *Fame* ;  
Your *Fame*, which shall last long as *Inigo Jones*,  
Whilst others decay, like their Mortar, and Stones.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

Now, tho' in a *Bridge* all Parties concurr'd,  
Yet on the *Piers* they a long while demurr'd ;  
But at length they decreed them of Stone—By're *Lady*,  
They'd too many wooden ones, amongst them already.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

But then for the *Arches*, so stately and thick,  
Were they to be Wooden, or to be of Brick ?—  
Of neither in Troth—for 'tis very well known,  
That all public Works should be fashion'd of *Stone*.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

The *Arches* and *Piers* were thus quickly set out,  
And the *Bridge*, so design'd must be soon set about ;  
But the *Money*—Gadzooks—must be had first of all,  
Or else this fine Bridge, e'en in *Embrio* must fall.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

Therefore, that *Delay* might create no Vexation,  
They resolv'd the Expence should be paid by the Nation ;  
Tho' the Benefit of it reached but to two Counties,  
It should be at the Cost of the whole Kingdom's Bounties.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

And now that the Money be levied straightway,  
They instantly set the whole *Nation* to play :  
The *Game*, altho' old, yet most happily took,  
'Twas called—*Who will prick in my Lottery Book ?*

*Derry down, down, &c.*

The Cause why this Game had just now such Success,  
Is soon to be told——tho' not easy to guess :  
*Fortune's* known unto *Whores*, and to *Bastards* to fly,  
And all to her Favours their Rights wou'd fain try.

*Derry down, down, &c.*



A Penny by Chance's worth a Pound got by Care,  
And all were in such haste the Dame's Favours to share,  
That the Cit left his Counter, the P——r left the Court,  
And immediately all to *Change-Alley* resort.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

The *Sharppers* relinquish'd their Cards and their Dice,  
To juggle with Tickets, at a very high Price :  
The *Jockeys* forsook too their *Newmarket* Race,  
With *Jews* and *Stockjobbers* *Change-Alley* to grace.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

Both *Porters* and *Chairmen* thus left off to ply,  
That with other Fools they their *Luck* now might try :  
E'en *Milkmaids* and *Sweepers* put in for their Shares,  
Of *Fortune's* kind Favours—with *Garters* and *Stars*.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

No Distinctions, at present, divided Mankind ;  
And *Fortune* makes none :—— for you know she is blind.  
But the Wife and the Foolish, the Honest and Knave,  
All strove, that some Share in the *Game* they might have.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

Thus public *Vice* it saved private Men's *Purses*,  
And the *Bridge* it was founded on th' Oaths and the *Curses*  
Of all th' Advent'ers on whom *Fortune* should frown,  
Enough of all Reason—to sink a *Bridge* down.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

The Money thus rais'd, they straight sought for a Man,  
That of this great Work should sketch out the *Plan* ;  
And he must be a Man—that could *Bridges* erect,  
A *Free Mason*—at least—and a good *Architect*.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

Such —— was : —— and a Peer of nice Taste,  
And he was the Person—they pitch'd on at last :  
For Building —— his Fame it was very well known,  
As old \* *Sarah*, if living, would honestly own.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

But, alas ! since she's dead, all that now can be said,  
Is—he built her a *House*——and for it she paid ;  
But the *Price* matters not :——'twas enough, to be sure,  
From building more *Houses* the *D——fs* to cure.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

Its Name I've forgot ; but at present shall call  
It, only for Rhime sake, by *W——don Hall*.  
A House most commodious !—and surely it ought, '  
As it cost dear in Building—tho' † cheaply 'twas bought.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

Now,

\* Late Dowager *D——tch——fs* of *Marlb——gh*.

† Being Part of the forfeited *Estates* of the *South-Sea Directors*, became a cheap Purchase.



Now, fraught with *Fool's Pence*, our Builder designs  
The *Plan* of the Work, with *Circles* and *Lines*;  
But what surpriz'd all *Connisseurs* in the Nation,  
He never once thought to inspect the Foundation.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

Howe'er he went on, and erected his Piers,  
That, to look at, would last some hundreds of Years;  
His Arches were turn'd; and the Work almost done,  
When, alas! the fine *Bridge* it began to sink down.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

How chanc'd this Disaster?—Why thus, as some say,  
The Arches were fix'd on a Bed that gave Way;  
But others declare 'twas *Thames* Anger and Spite,  
That damag'd the Work—Who knows which is right?

*Derry down, down, &c.*

His Passage, the *God*, being vex'd to see cross'd,  
Most furiously foam'd, and his Waves about tofs'd,  
But yet all his *Foam* and his *Rage* was in Vain,  
For the Bridge stood up firm, and was like to remain.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

With Rage almost spent, he look'd down in the Water,  
And saw the Bridge pressing of *Ouze*, his black Daughter;  
He rescues the Girl from the Ravisher's Arms,  
When down sinks the Bridge,—and the Town fore alarms.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

My L—d, when he heard it, he rav'd, storm'd and swore,  
That he'd ne'er undertake to build a Bridge more,  
Till first that he knew on what Foundation it stood,  
And never to build on a soft *Ouzy* Mud.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

Take Warning ye *Builders* and *Architects* all,  
How Bridges ye build, lest down they shou'd fall;  
And on this L—d's Method, pray never rely,  
But be sure, the first Thing,—the *Foundation* to try.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

And thou great *Artichest*, O! project not in vain,  
To prop up what's sinking; but let it remain;  
Lest that a Jest—you become to the *Town*,  
When, even at last, your fine Bridge is quite down.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

Perhaps, that in sinking, of Years half a Score  
It may take, ere it reaches the Bottom, or more:  
When you, for your Comfort, may chance to be rotten,  
If not so already—and all quite forgotten.

*Derry down, down, &c.*

But however that be, e'en let it decay;  
And continue to *sink*—till it *sinks* quite away:  
Of *G—t-B—n's* Follies we've enough yet in fight,  
Altho you and your *Bridge* were in *Thames* plung'd down right.

*Derry down, down, hey derry down.*

F I N I S.



